

WEEKLY BAZOO.

SEDALIA

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1878.

State Democratic Ticket.

Judge of Supreme Court—E. H. NORTON.
Register of Lands—J. E. McHENRY.
Supt. of Public Schools—D. R. SHANNON.
Railroad Commissioner—A. W. SEVIER.

Congressional.

Congressman—A. M. LAY.

Democratic County Ticket.

Representative—V. M. TRUMPCHILLTON.
Sergeant—L. S. MURRAY.
Promoting Attorney—GEO. F. JACKSON.
Collector—J. A. C. BROWN.
Treasurer—RICHARD T. GENTRY.
County Clerk—JAMES C. WOOD.
County Clerk—HENRY Y. FIELDS.
Recorder—SAMUEL W. RITCHIEY.
Assessor—W. E. MIDDLETON.
Clerk of the Court—J. B. JONES.
County Judge—W. C. Gibson, Presiding.
Judge, C. G. Taylor, J. Q. Tammill.

Congressional Nominees.

Democratic. Republican. Greenback.
1. M. L. Clark. H. Ziegenhain. H. Edlund.
2. Ernest Wells. Nathan Cole. J. B. Pollett.
3. R. G. Frost. L. S. Metcalfe. W. C. Vandell.
4. L. H. Davis. Chas. E. Moss. Sol. G. Kitchin.
5. R. B. Ward. C. G. Burton. M. J. West.
6. J. B. Ward. C. G. Burton. M. J. West.
7. A. M. Lay. T. C. Boyd.
8. J. B. Jones. T. C. Boyd.
9. L. S. Murray. Nicholas Ford.
10. G. F. Bell. H. M. Pollard. E. J. Broadbent.
11. J. B. Clark. H. M. Pollard. E. J. Broadbent.
12. J. B. Clark. H. M. Pollard. E. J. Broadbent.
13. W. H. Hays. T. L. Anderson. J. H. Wood.
14. A. H. Beckner. T. L. Anderson. J. H. Wood.

Architect Clark, of the Capitol, has issued orders that on Monday next the carpets in the hall of the House of Representatives be laid down and all the preparations be at once made for the meeting of Congress.

Secretary Evans has written a communication to Lord Salisbury informing the British Lord that the rights of the American fishermen must be respected. It lays down the law plainly and emphatically. Listen for a growl.

Chin Lan Pin, the Chinese minister at Washington, tells some tea merchants who ask him to discourage the exportation from his country of artificially colored tea that the Chinese will gladly stop the coloring business if the foreigners will stop calling for the colored article, which is both less palatable and more expensive.

Indiana proves to have cast before last, the largest vote ever polled except in October and November of the last Presidential year—414,694, of which the Democrats contributed 294,291, the Republicans 180,755, and the Nationals 39,448—a Democratic plurality on the State ticket of 13,736.

Assistant Adj.-Gen. Drum will leave Washington this week on a tour of inspection among the several recruiting depots throughout the country, and upon his return will prepare a report for the information of the secretary of war in regard to the present condition of the recruiting service, as to how it can be improved with an eye to economy and efficiency. He will also collect statistics concerning the service that will be of interest and importance.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has returned to Washington from his trip to the Indian Territory. He visited the agencies of about ten tribes. One of the principal objects of his mission was to go to the Nez Perces, who are dissatisfied with their present locality. A tract of land about 300 miles west of the present reservation and directly to the west of Ponca, pleased the Indians best, and they wish to remove to this locality. Word will be sent to the Indian Office, and the removal will probably be effected.

A prize of £100 for an essay on hydrophobia, its nature, prevention and cure, having been offered by Mr. Stanford, M. P., to be awarded by the Royal College of Physicians, of London, the Marquis of Salisbury has instructed the British Minister at Washington to bring the matter to the attention of the Department of State, that the necessary publicity may be given to the same in the United States. The conditions under which the above prize is to be competed for are as follows: The essay must be in English or accompanied by an English translation; must be delivered on or before January 1, 1880, and may be the joint production of two or more authors. The prize is not to be awarded unless an essay of sufficient merit be received.

As one effort to lower wages, the prospect of lower prices of breadstuffs all over the world is a relief. These prices are always exceptionally low, as a consequence of the astonishing increase of the production of the United States, and, although no sudden further fall in prices is to be anticipated, yet the decline must continue as a result of the fact that our increased harvests have rendered the world's supply of breadstuffs much larger in proportion to the demand than it was a few years ago. Taking the combined exports of wheat, flour and corn, as recorded in the Treasury returns of the past ten fiscal years, the average yearly export for the first three years of the decade was 50,626,000 bushels, and for the last three years 143,245,000 bushels—an increase of 92,619,000 bushels, or 183 per cent. It is clearly foreseen that this vast addition to the European supplies must become an element in determining the value of grain all over the world.

LIFE IN TWO HEMISPHERES.

Scouring Enough of Her Husband's Property to Make Himself Very Rich—Then a Life of Gayety in European Capitals—Now Seeking Divorce—A Lively Scene in Bridgeport.

Thirteen years ago a British bark sailing from Shanghai to Neshung was wrecked on a reef in the China Seas. The greater part of the crew made off in the long boat, leaving the remainder to shift for themselves. Among the passengers was a young American lady, with her two children. She was on her way to her husband, a contractor in the north of China, near Peking, and was without friends or assistance of any kind. After being on the wreck for upward of fourteen hours, she and her children were lowered, with the other passengers, into the Captain's boat, which barely cleared the wreck as it went to pieces. Then followed five days' battling with the winds and waves, in which all on board suffered incredible hardships. In the end the boat was driven on an island inhabited by savage Chinamen. The latter were for killing the unfortunate, but their pleading saved their lives. The fugitives finally escaped in a Chinese junk, and arrived in Peking, where the young lady was joined by her husband. She was Mrs. Elizabeth Adams Hill, wife of Bridgeport, whose romantic marriage and extraordinary divorce suit have attracted so much attention.

Mrs. Hill is beautiful and accomplished, and between 35 and 40 years of age. She is above the middle height, has dark complexion, with a determined eye, and a manner indicative of energy and decision of character. She is the daughter of a well-known contractor of Syracuse, which city she left to marry Charles E. Hill in China. Mr. Hill, a native of Belfast, Me., is a short, thick-set man of immense physical strength and impetuous will. For many years past he has been hiring and shipping coolies from China to San Francisco and to the coast of South America. The nature of the business required a high degree of courage and nerve, being often called upon to expose his life among hundreds of infuriated coolies, any one of whom would have willingly blown his brains out but for the awe in which they stood of the man. Once in northern China, he was set upon and nearly killed by a mob of over 100, who knocked him down, beat him and trampled on him in the most shocking manner. Nothing but the most indomitable pluck saved his life.

Mr. Hill first met his future wife in Minnesota, where he paid her marked attentions. Miss Adams was then only 18, and the match being unacceptable to the parents, it was indefinitely postponed. The family returned to Syracuse, where Hill followed them and made arrangements with his sweetheart for an elopement, he himself going to China in or before the autumn. The girl's intentions were known to her parents, who did all in their power to prevent it, but without success. She took a train for New York, and from there embarked for San Francisco, via Panama, in a steamer commanded by Capt. Thompson, afterward Harbor Master of the Port of New York. From San Francisco she sailed for China in the ship Firecracker, and on reaching Shanghai was married to Hill, who had been anxiously awaiting her arrival. Mr. Hill, after his marriage, accumulated property at several hundred thousand dollars.

The dangers of his life, added to his domestic troubles, led Hill to sign an agreement whereby the property was placed in her hands, and one-half of the income paid to the husband. Several years ago Mrs. Hill journeyed to the United States, accompanied by her surviving son, Frank, and settled in Bridgeport. Her husband's estate in China had dwindled somewhat, but enough remained for to pay her some \$3,500 a year as her share. Independent of the property in Shanghai from which this is derived, Mr. Hill owns \$20,000 worth of real estate in Maine, a large amount of wild land in Michigan, and \$10,000 worth of property in Virginia, the most of which, however, is unproductive. Mr. Hill has also an unpaid claim of \$170,000 against the Chinese Government for the loss of a steamship in the cooler trade. He is also said to be the owner of a valuable contract for shipping Chinese emigrants to Lima, Peru.

About seven years ago a partial estrangement occurred between the husband and wife. It ended in Mrs. Hill's taking her son Frank and traveling to Europe. She spent some time in Paris and other fashionable centres. The journey was with her husband's consent, and she lived in elegant style on the allowance he made her. A picture of her, taken in Paris in 1872, represents an elegant woman of fashion, in ball costume, hair a la Pompadour, with low neck dress and short sleeves.

About four years ago Mrs. Hill went to Bridgeport and took room at the Stirling House kept by Atwood & Whiting. Here she was joined by her brother, E. F. Adams, ex-superintendent of an acid works in Massachusetts, his wife and two children. The estrangement of Mrs. Hill and her husband were hopeless, and in December last, learning that he was coming home, she determined to sue him for divorce and serve the papers upon him as soon as he touched American soil. Suit was accordingly instituted in the Superior Court in Connecticut, the papers being served on Capt. Hill in the Actor House in this city. When he went to Bridgeport Mrs. Hill refused to live with him as a wife. Capt. Hill returned to New York and thence to China, leaving Capt. McGilvery of Maine with a full power of attorney to either compromise or fight the case. Capt. McGilvery is well known on the continent, being a personal friend of Minister Seward, Senator Blaine, and other public men in Maine, China, and Washington.

Complicated negotiations followed, in which much ill feeling was developed between the Captain on the one side and Mrs. Hill and her brother on the other. Mrs. Hill offered to settle by taking all her property as it now stood, including the share in Shanghai, \$25,000 cash, and her personal effects. Upon these conditions she would take out the divorce against her husband on general charges. Capt. McGilvery objected to these terms as being too high, and proposed the following:

Mrs. Hill to give up all her property here and in China and two-thirds of her personal estate to her husband, who would pay a suitable allowance (stated by Capt. McGilvery at \$1,800 a year) during the rest of her life. On the 5th of October the Captain called at the Stirling House to have a final talk with Mrs. Hill. Before seeking her, he met Mr. Atwood, one of the proprietors, who had espoused Mrs. Hill's cause, and her brother, Frank Adams. High words were spoken by the three, but the trouble was compromised by Mrs. Hill sending down a note that she would not see the Captain for the last time in the presence of witnesses. The interview was in the ladies' parlor in the second story of the Stirling House—a large low-ceilinged apartment. The parties gathered around a marble-topped centre table. Capt. McGilvery occupied a low chair on the right. Mrs. Hill sat wrapped in her shawl directly opposite, with her arm leaning on the marble. Mr. Atwood occupied a chair to the left of the two. Just as the conversation began a waiter tripped into the room carrying a tray with a pitcher filled with water and ice. This he placed on the marble-topped table just at Mrs. Hill's elbow. What followed is thus stated by Mr. Atwood:

"Capt. McGilvery put out his hand to Mrs. Hill, but she drew back and said: 'Captain I shan't shake hands with you. You are no friend of mine.' The Captain assured her that he was, and then she said: 'If you are, why can't you give me what I ask for? After both had said what they would accept, Mrs. Hill drew her arm around Frank and said: 'Mrs. Hill, it hadn't been for your brother, we would have had this thing settled. He is a dirty, low-lived puppy.'"

"At this Mrs. Hill snatched up the ice pitcher and walked over to the Captain. She caught him by the hair and jammed the pitcher several times against his head. In the struggle the pitcher broke, and the Captain putting up his hand to catch her, received a cut from the broken porcelain. There was also a wound on the back of his head, near the neck. Then I jumped up, seized them both, and said: 'This thing's gone far enough.' Mrs. Hill, then retired. The Captain's injuries appeared to be insignificant."

Capt. McGilvery, who was found at the office of M. D. Wilbur, his counsel, tells a somewhat different story. He says:

"She rushed at me like a fury, clutched my hair in one hand and pounded me on the head with the pitcher until it broke, and then kept on striking me on the head with the sharp fragments. All this time she cried, with her face livid with rage, 'D—n you, I'll kill you, d—n you, I'll kill you' with other language no lady would use, and which I will not repeat. I was cut over the head in three places, and the whole of my shirt front was covered. The upper part of my undershirt was actually sopping with blood."

The Captain denies that he spoke of Mrs. Hill's brother as a "puppy." He says: "I told her that her brother was low and dissipated, and had given her bad advice, and I have abundant proof that all that is true."

The doctor who sewed up the Captain's wounds with silver wire says that if the cut on the back of the head had gone an inch lower it must have penetrated the skull and caused instant death. The blow on the right hand severed two of the cords of that member, crippling the first and middle fingers. The Captain is 60 years old and gray haired.

Suits were immediately instituted by both parties. Capt. McGilvery suing for \$10,000 damages for assault and battery, and Mrs. Hill bringing action for a similar amount for assault. Atwood & Whiting, proprietors of the Stirling House, went to Mrs. Hill's aid, the Captain, being a stranger in Bridgeport, had some difficulty in finding sureties. Mr. Frank B. Norman went on his bond for \$10,000. Then a slander suit for \$15,000 damages was instituted by Mrs. Hill, the papers being served on the heels of those of the suit. Mr. Norman offered to go on the Captain's bond for \$15,000 more, but the plaintiff's attorneys objected on the ground that he was already surety on the other suit. Mr. S. C. Nickerson of Bangor, Me., who happened to be in town, heard of the suit. He went to Mr. James A. Staples, one of the wealthy citizens of Bridgeport, and told him that an old Maine sea captain and friend of his had been grievously assaulted, and was to be locked up in jail on the slender pretence of want of bail. Mr. Staples drove down to the Sheriff's office, and said:

"Gentlemen, I want the honor of going on Capt. McGilvery's bond. If you want \$15,000, or any amount, I am ready to furnish it."

The feeling between the two parties is very bitter, and mutual recriminations flow freely. The Captain and his friends say that there was a plot on the part of Mrs. Hill's party to lock him up in jail in order to disgrace him and prejudice his suit. He says that Frank Adams sent a postal card to him (the Captain's son-in-law in New York, saying, in scurrilous terms that "he (McGilvery) was where he'd stay till the end of October." On the other hand, Messrs. Adams and Atwood say that the Captain has acted in a double-faced manner toward Mrs. Hill, and that he has tried to prejudice her suit, and has openly threatened to publish her all over the State of Connecticut as a bad woman. Mr. Hill Adams says that the Captain is actuated solely by personal pique against himself and his sister, and that all the divorce complications might have been settled long ago but for this. He charges that the Captain wormed himself into his and his sister's confidence by pretending that he would settle the suit in their interest, and then turned around against them, simply to carry favor with Hill. Mr. Atwood also charges McGilvery with trying to induce the hotel servants to testify against Mrs. Hill's reputation. "He did manage to tamper with a fireman and his wife," said Mr. Atwood yesterday, "but I discharged them as soon as I found out what was going on."

Mrs. Hill's personal property, which she desires to keep, and of which her husband claims two-thirds, is extensive and costly. The defence aver that she has \$10,000 worth of jewelry, purchased in Paris and elsewhere, and \$10,000 worth of Chinese and Japanese curios, collected by her husband. Among them is a mass of Japanese crystal, valued at \$1,000.

Wildman & Seymour are the Bridgeport lawyers whom Capt. Hill originally hired to look after his interests in the divorce suit brought by his wife. They were afterward superseded by McGilvery, who charges them with conniving with Mrs. Hill and her friends. Last evening the Captain, causing his power of attorney from Hill in his breast pocket, and accompanied by Mr. Nickerson as a witness, entered Wildman's office, where Mr. Atwood and other friends of the wife were seated. The Captain's mission was to ask Mr. Wildman to deliver up the papers entrusted to him by Hill, including another power of attorney, and also to account for the sums of money he had expended in defending the case. Mr. Wildman ordered Mr. Nickerson out of the office, and the Captain, not thinking it safe to remain, went with him. The Captain and his counsel assert that the whole affair was a plot on the part of Mrs. Hill's friends to get his power of attorney away from him. This the opposite party deny.

Capt. McGilvery and his counsel came to New York on Thursday night, and will at once bring a suit for divorce on behalf of Capt. Hill against Mrs. Hill, alleging adultery at various times and places. The case will be tried at the December term of the Superior Court in Bridgeport. The slander and assault cases are down for November. Mrs. Hill's friends wish them heard before a committee, but the Captain's counsel demanded a trial by jury. While on a visit to her parents in Syracuse, in 1868, Mrs. Hill brought home a Chinese servant, who used to parade the streets of the Salt City in his native blouse and "pigtail." Chinamen were scarce in inland towns at that time, and Mrs. Hill's specimen was so pestered that he had no peace. One day the girl came off his queue, and the poor Celestial, in despair, was forced to don an American suit of clothes.

What a Mother Heard.

Burlington Hawk-eye.

A mother out on West Hill heard the low murmur of voices in the boys' room the other night, after she had gone to bed. With noiseless footsteps and bated breath she stole to the door and listened. The room was dark, the voices low and earnest. What visions of future greatness were the sons of her heart recounting to each other. What plans of wealth, for glory, for pleasure, filled their boyish hearts? She bent forward and leaned closer toward the bed to catch one earnest word of the murmured thoughts that were surging from her boys' hearts up to their lips, she heard, "Ben, you legged son of a pagan, if you don't take your clammy mud boots off my bed, I'll hit 'em."

Horace Greeley wrote to a society in Hartford: "I prefer not to lecture in so large a place as Hartford, unless I am really wanted there; and the fact that I am asked to lecture for half price convinces me that I am not wanted. So let me wait a year or two, till I shall be more in demand than I now am."

They were looking at the fall display of bonnets. Said she: "Oh, dear, look at that bird in the crown; what a pretty bird!" And because he turned his head, she wiped his eyes with his handkerchief, and murmured, "I should say it was a pretty bird, it became melancholy, and threatened to leave him and go home to her mother."

George, who had just engaged himself to the girl of his heart, breaks the happy news to his friend Jack, who has been married some time. Jack—"Ah, well my dear fellow, marriage is the best in the long run, and I assure you that after a year or two a man gets used to it, and feels just as jolly as if he never married at all."

A professor in Leipzig University asked a student what the Aurora Borealis was. Putting his finger to the side of his head and looking wise, the student said, "I know very well, but I forget just what it is." "There," said the professor, "we are in a fix; the only man in the world who ever knew what the Aurora is, has forgotten it."

It is a solemn impressive thought, when you look at such a man as General Grant, or Charles Francis Adams, that some day away back in the shadow land of the misty past, a woman used to turn these mighty figures of the present upside down, and count the stitches in the biggest patch on their trousers with a fat, solid, pitiless slipper.

At a railroad station, lately, an elderly Irish woman, who had arrived a few seconds after the train had started, set off to run after it. She of course came to the very halt, when she began to abuse the uncommensurate engine, adding with a native brogue: "Faugh! the great black ugly lump! When she gets as old as me, bodad, she won't run so quick."

—Don't be talked into buying anything but a Superior cook stove.

—The Peoria is the finest all cast Heating Stove made. See it.

If You Should Fall to find Siches' place, where those choice oysters are sold, ask any boy, he can direct you there, for it is the most popular oyster house in the city, and you will find out by getting them by the can, dish, raw, fried, stewed, broiled etc.

(Cut this out for future reference for the Bazaar request to print any more of the above assertions.)

PERIBELION AND FESTILENCE.

What May Emerge During the Next Seven Years—A Period of Suffering and Death.

From the Science of Health.

If there is anything in "astrological astrology," we are approaching one of the most pestilential periods of the earth's history. Since the commencement of the Christian era the perihelion of the four great planets of the solar system—Jupiter, Uranus, Saturn and Neptune—have not been coincident. But this is about to occur, and in the language of Dr. Knapp, who has traced the history of the greatest epidemics that ever afflicted the human race to the perihelion of these planets, there will soon be "lively times for doctors." The theory is that when one or more of the large planets is nearest the sun, the temperature and condition of our atmosphere are so disturbed as to cause injurious vicissitudes, terrible rains, prolonged drouths, etc., resulting in the destruction of crops and pestilence among human beings and domestic animals.

Dr. Knapp has collected a mass of statistical data, all going to show that perihelion data have always been marked by unusual mortality, and sickness and death have invariably corresponded with the planets in perihelion at the same time. The revolution of Jupiter round the sun is accomplished in a little less than twelve years; of Saturn in a little less than thirty years; of Uranus in about eighty-four years. If it be true, therefore, that the perihelion of these planets occasion atmospheric conditions unfavorable to life, pestilential periods should occur once in a dozen years, and aggravated and still more widespread epidemics at longer intervals. In tracing the history of epidemics for more than 2000 years, Dr. Knapp finds the facts in all cases to validate the theory. Thus in the sixteenth century, three of these planets were coincident in perihelion, and those were the most perilous times of the Christian era.

But soon we are to have, for the first time in two thousand years, all four of these planets again. They will be at their nearest approach to the sun in or soon after 1880, so that for a few years, say from 1880 to 1885, the vitality of every living thing will be put to a severe and trying ordeal. Some persons think they see in the signs of the times evidences of the great disasters in the immediate future. The excessive heat, the unexampled cold, the prevalence of flood and disasters at sea, the general failure of the potato crop, the widespread chill fever among human beings, and the equal prevalence of the epidemic among animals are mentioned as among the premonitions of the rapidly approaching perihelion.

Well, "forewarned is forearmed." Accidents excepted, we know very well that the persons of more vigorous constitutions and more hygienic habits will have the better chance to survive whatever adverse influences the extraordinary perihelion will occasion. It is well known to physicians that, in all pestilences, plagues, typhus, small pox, cholera, murrain, etc., the temperate, the disciplined, and those whose sanitary conditions were bad, furnished the victims.

We do not write to alarm any one, nor to make a sensation. We state the facts which all history attests. Readers can judge for themselves what importance to attach to the subject. That the conjoint perihelion of all the large planets of the solar system, one of which, Jupiter, is a thousand times as large as the earth, must disturb our atmosphere and temperature very considerably, is probable; that this disturbance must be injurious to health and life, is certain; and these periods have heretofore been pestilential, is a matter of record. How much we shall suffer during the next dozen or fifteen years, depends very much upon how nearly we live a life in accordance with the laws of life.

A Prima Donna's Whim. Maj. Pond, formerly of Leavenworth, who paid \$12,000 for twelve concerts of the Kellogg-Cary troupe, says that, though he made money on the whole, Miss Kellogg was not always as considerate as a lady. During a large share of the receipts should be paid. For example, the only train by which the company could leave Montreal, to arrive in Buffalo for the next night's concert, was on the 11 p. m. Miss Kellogg went to the train, where she had a section in the sleeper entirely to herself. About fifteen minutes before the train was to start, Miss Kellogg expressed a sudden desire for a sandwich. Agent, manager and baggage man immediately rushed out for the desired sandwich. None was found. Search as they could, nobody had a sandwich, and the train came back with the distressing intelligence that the particular portion of Montreal in which the railroad depot was located afforded no sandwiches. This seemed to increase Miss Kellogg's desire for the bit of bread, meat and mustard, and she insisted that she must have the sandwich before she went a step. Explanations, prayers, entreaties, representations that the booking was large in the next town, and the public would be disappointed, were of no avail. Miss Kellogg left the train, and it went on without. The result was that Pond, not willing to sacrifice Buffalo altogether, chartered a special train, which cost him \$350, and got the company on in time. This is probably the most expensive sandwich on record. Again, the Brooklyn dates was cancelled because Miss Kellogg would not travel at night to reach this city the next morning. This seems rather unfair, especially in the face of written contracts.—Dramatic News.

Young America has been always noted for its inquiring mind. One of the many budding Presidents was told the other day by his school marm the story of Wm. Tell's famous shooting feat. The only comment the boy made upon the story of patriotic patriotism was, "Who ate the apple afterward?"

An honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat. Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing to his pedal extremities, said, "Well, there they be, num."

An lithian paper relates that at a Greenback caucus in that town the Chairman made the remark that some black sheep were to be found in every flock. The words were no sooner uttered than up jumped a colored man the only one present, and demanded to know whom the chair was "tuding at."

A skeptic, who was badgering a simple minded old man about a miracle and Balaam's ass finally said, "How is possible for an ass to talk like a man?" Well replied the honest old believer, with mean emphasis, "I don't see why it ain't as easy for an ass to talk like a man as it is for a man to talk like an ass."

FINE CUT.

Take Small Chews, for It Swells.

It is mournful to see a man moré full. Why is it that people boot a dog and shoot a hen?

The western wits now call bigamy, Unhailing the female sex.

It has never been ascertained how much old ocean measures round her gray and melancholy walls.

It cost Madam Thiers \$100,000 to bury her husband. Shedding Thiers is an expensive luxury in France.

We have known many a man to sit around waiting for something to turn up until that something was his toes.

There is no law in this country to prevent a colored man from boat-racing. It is his common sense that interferes.

The foundation for the meaneast man is laid when a small boy turns the worm hole in an apple for his companion to bite from.

"Played alive, is it?" interjected Terence Maglieddu, the conversation being of Indian atrocities, "wad a flay touch a man if he wasn't alive, I don't know?"

"What is your son doing in the battle of life?" asks the Christian Helper. Well he appears to be drawing rations most of the time, just at present, thank you.

Do you want checks with roses? asks a medical advertisement. No, we don't—no checks with our roses, if you please. We get check with two many things nowadays.

There is one inconsistency we have often noticed: People who are not worth a cent in the world always pay the most attention to constable's notice of the sale of real estate.

"This is a fog-horn conclusion," as the skipper said when his vessel ran on to the point of land where the steam whistle was blowing itself red in the face in warning to the lost mariner.

This was appended to a death notice in a Louisville paper: Her disease was paralysis, and she fell into the arms of her blessed Redeemer with ease. Jackson and Vicksburg papers please copy.

Herr Blum, the bass who traveled with Pappenheim last winter, went home to visit his relatives last summer, and was conscripted into service for three years. He has begun his unwilling task.

Who contracted the currency? the People's Dollar savagely demands. Please sir, we want us. We have contracted a few debts; we'd like to contract a little currency if the old thing is catching.

Thinking of Glasgow man throwing a glass of water in his wife's face to punish her infidelity? Seems a harmless way to lick her. The amount of punishment depends, however, on whether he makes the Glasgo with the water.

P. T. Barnum never felt bad over any of his failures but one. He offered five dollars to get one of his woodcut into Webster's Dictionary, and the publishers scorned him, though they were putting in wolves and buzzards for nothing.

"Find out your child's specialty," is the urgent advice of a phrenologist. A man says: "We have tried this and find it is not so easy. Sometimes rock candy seems to be a favorite, and then again there is a marked tendency to taffy."

A man who suddenly comes in contact with a lamp-post or a big tree, knows more about the stars and the heavenly bodies in the twinkling of the eye than Professor Proctor will know if he lived until Ben Butler is elected President.

Confucius says that good men love to speak well of all others. Confucius never happened to drop in behind a collection of saints on their way home from the evening prayer meeting, and overhear their conversation, we will venture to say.

"No, darling," he said, as his wife asked for a new dress, "I can't afford it. I feel it my duty to help the yellow-fever sufferers," and then he went around the corner, and the barkeeper handed out the bottle and a glass and let him help himself.

John Fiske has named his youngest Herbert Huxley. Fiske is a strenuous advocate of Spencer's doctrine that intellectual people have the fewest children, and Herbert Huxley is only the fifth in four years claims that it tends to prove the theory.

Captain, please give me a light, said a private in camp. Certainly my good man; but if we were in the regular army such a liberty would not be allowable. Is that? he said the private; but if we were in the regular army you wouldn't be captain, perhaps.

At dinner, in the boarding school. Usher: "Master Edward, stop that chattering or I shall have to report you." Master Edward: "I ain't chattering, I'm eating." Usher: "Hold your tongue, sir; I know you of old; you eat with one ear and talk with the other."

Young America has been always noted for its inquiring mind. One of the many budding Presidents was told the other day by his school marm the story of Wm. Tell's famous shooting feat. The only comment the boy made upon the story of patriotic patriotism was, "Who ate the apple afterward?"

An honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat. Whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing to his pedal extremities, said, "Well, there they be, num."

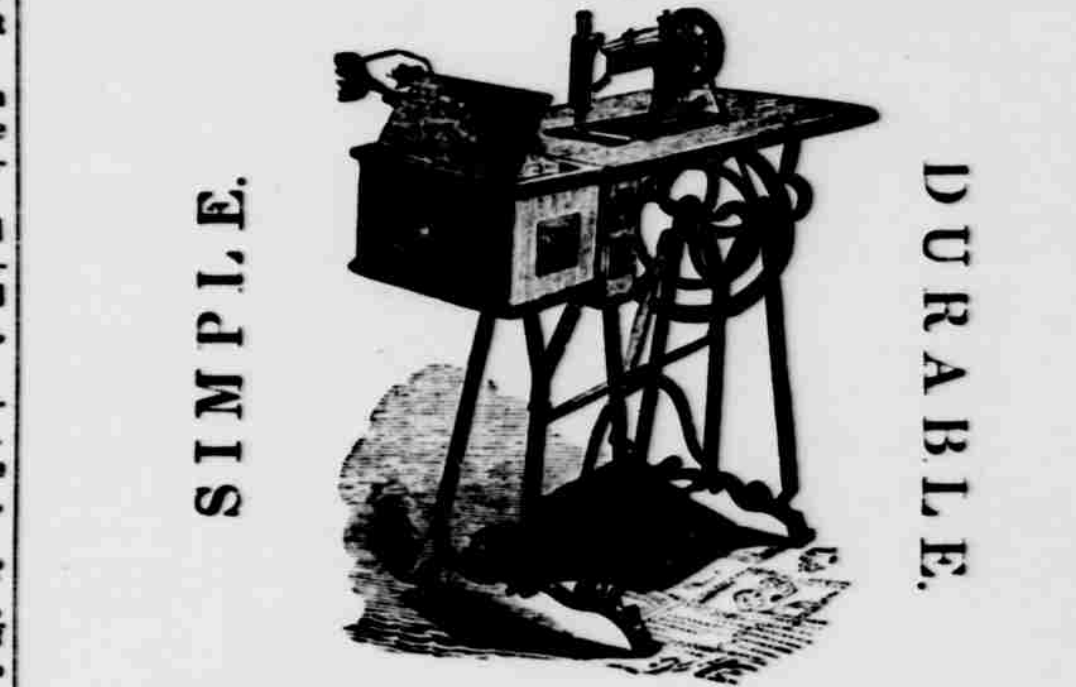
An lithian paper relates that at a Greenback caucus in that town the Chairman made the remark that some black sheep were to be found in every flock. The words were no sooner uttered than up jumped a colored man the only one present, and demanded to know whom the chair was "tuding at."

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I have secured the exclusive sale of "PECK'S 16 INCH CLEAR SHINGLES," which I can confidently recommend to persons building, as the best that can be made from selected bolts, by the latest improved machinery. I GUARANTEE these shingles to be STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS, and will pay double price for any shingles of this brand which are not absolutely free from SAP, KNOTS OR SHAKES. These shingles are relatively cheaper than the * A * brand, because they are more durable—will cover more surface—require less time and care in laying them, and are FULL COUNT. Parties who want good roofs should have NO OTHER. Call and examine them at my yard, Cor. Osage and Third.

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FOURTH—It is improved with independent take-up, and allows the shuttle to pass through loose loops, without catching each stitch before commencing another.
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SEVENTH—It has a patent box cover, making a work box or extension table at will. (See cut.)
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